



HYMNS FOR THE 30th JANUARY being the Feast of KING CHARLES THE MARTYR

N.B.—The tunes suggested should be played freely and brightly.

901. Tune—Malmesbury, A. & M., 44

O holy King, whose severed head
The Martyr's Crown doth ray
With gems for every blood-drop shed,
Saint Charles ! for England pray.

For England's Church, for England's
realm

(Once thine in earthly sway),
Lest storms our Ark should overwhelm,
Saint Charles of England, pray !

Thou for thy murderers didst plead
That January day :

O still, in this our hour of need,
Saint Charles ! for England pray.

Let us with him whose Crown is won,
Meet adoration pay
To God the Father, God the Son,
And Paraclete alway. Amen.

E. G. N.

902. EVENSONG.

Tune—Stracathro, E.H. (revised), 445.

Gathered within this holy place
Make we memorial due ;
Praising the martyr's two-fold grace
Crowned and espoused anew.

Our King beloved, O King of kings,
Strong through thy passion blest :
Spurning death's bitter sorrowings
Entered the eternal rest.

White King ! Thy vesture whiter gleams
All bright with dew impearled—
Blood of the Lamb, whose cleasing
streams
Flowed to redeem the world.

Mandate of love the loving keep,
That mystic word of thine—
Last breathed "Remember" cherished
deep,
Watchword and duteous sign.

Our sins, our fathers', unatoned,
O, Jesu, we implore
When Thou dost sit as judge enthroned
On that day mind no more. Amen.

J. L. F.

903. MATTINS. Tune—E.H., 185.

The praise of Charles, our martyr King,
With heart and voice come let us sing :
Who earthly shame with Christ did bear,
The Victor's laurel now doth wear.

The prison's gloom, the battle sore,
Christ's martyr here with gladness bore ;
And mounting from the scaffold's shame
To his sure hope in heav'n he came.

For holy Church his head he bowed,
Upon the axe his life-blood flowed :
And where that kingly seed was sown
New harvest unto Christ hath grown.

For England's cause to peril brought
Crown, life and freedom deemed he
naught :

For England's Church, for England's
realm

We pray, lest storms our ark should
whelm.

O bless us, Lord, as on his day
Right joyfully we sing our lay :
That following still where he has trod
Our guerdon we may find in God.

Jesu, the Martyrs' King, to Thee
All glory, laud and honour be,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

C. L. B.

904. Tune—Redhead, E.H. 477.
A. & M. 184.

Royal Charles, who chose to die
Rather than the Faith deny,
Forfeiting his kingly pride
For the sake of Jesu's Bride ;
Lovingly his praise we sing,
England's martyr, England's King.

Mirror fair of courtesy,
Flower of wedded chastity,
Humble follower day by day,
Of the Church's holy way ;
Lovingly his praise we sing,
England's martyr, England's King.

All the way of death he trod
For the glory of his God,
And his dying dignity
Made a bright Epiphany ;
Lovingly his praise we sing,
England's martyr, England's King.

Bless we God the Three in One,
For all faithful 'neath the sun,
For the faithful gone before,
And for those our country bore,
Chiefly him whose praise we sing,
England's martyr, England's King.

D. F. G.

905. Tune—E.H. 175 (modern version).
A. & M. 430.

In prayer and praise, in fast and feast,
Like the wise Monarchs of the East,
The Heavenly Way the martyr trod,
Found and adored the Incarnate God.

Constant from cradle to the grave,
Gold of a loving heart he gave,
Prayer was his frankincense and breath,
And myrrh his brave and kingly death.

Upon the block he laid his head
For Him Who died to raise the dead,
And showed to all men, near and far,
The brightness of the heavenly star.

Then let us praise the King of Heaven
Who to this earthly king has given
The glory of a martyr's death
For God, his Country, and the Faith.

D. F. G.

906. Tune—E.H. Appendix 9, or
A. & M. 12.

Lord Jesus, erst, for our transgressions,
smitten,
Oft have we prayed and praised for
those at rest—
Thy liegemen true ; who bear Thy blazon
written,
In signed hieroglyph, on brow and
breast.

Here in this Presence-chamber (where
are healed
By Royal touch our ills), we seek, and
bring
The name of Charles, by Grace of Jesus
sealed,
In fond remembrance, to Thy Throne,
dread King.

With stricken heart, by proud rebellion
bruised,
He found a Crown of Thorns in crown
of gold ;
Marred was his face by weeping—false-
accused,
Like Thee, O Christ; forsaken, mocked
and sold.

If that he erred, or Thee in aught offended,
Forgive—for Thou art merciful, good Lord;
Him, in the Holy Light, all sorrow ended,
Rest and refreshment with Thy saints afford.

Hereafter, in Thy Royal Home, O Jesus—

When wrongs are righted and lost causes won;
When broken hearts are healed, and all things grievous
Banished to darkness, by the Risen Sun—

Our eyes shall see him; if Thy gracious pity
Forbid not entrance of our wayward feet,
Where, in the mansions of that Holy City,
The white-robed company of martyrs meet.

M. V. F.

907. Tune—E.H. 495, A. & M. 226.

With thankful hearts Thy glory,
O King of Saints, we sing,
Shown in the saintly story
Of Charles, the Martyr-King,
Who chose to die, obeying
The voice of conscience dear,
Not live on earth, betraying
All that he counted dear.

For long his foes assailed him
Till friends were overthrown,
And this world's weapons failed him,
And he was left alone.
No whit his foes relented,
Successful in the strife,
But to their king presented
The choice of death or life.

Shall, then, his memory perish?
His name we venerate,
The Faith he loved we cherish,
His spirit emulate,
That so by Christ-like living
With charity resigned,
Each other's faults forgiving,
We may enrich mankind.

For all lives lived sincerely
In Christ may God be blest,
To mortals thus most clearly
In mortals manifest—
The Father, who forgiveth
Man's failures in the strife,
The Son, in whom he liveth,
The Spirit, Source of Life! Amen.

D.C.

908. PROCESSION.

Tune—E.H. 331, A. & M. 312.

Praise to our pardoning God I though silent now,
The thunders of the deep prophetic sky,
Though in our sight no powers of darkness bow
Before th' Apostles' glorious company;
The Martyrs' noble army still is ours,
Far in the North our fallen days have seen
How in her woe the tenderest spirit flowers
For Jesus' sake in agony serene.

Praise to our God I not cottage hearths alone,
And shades impervious to the proud world's glare,
Such witness yield: a monarch from his throne
Springs to his Cross and finds his glory there.

Yes: whereso'er one trace of thee is found,
As in the Sacred Land, the shadows fall:
With beating hearts we roam the haunted ground,
Lone battlefield, or crumbling prison hall.

And there are aching, solitary hearts,
Whose widow'd walk with thought of
thee is cheer'd.
Our own, our royal Saint : thy memory
rests
On many a prayer, the more for Thee
endear'd.

True son of our dear Mother, early
taught
With her to worship and for her to
die,
Nurs'd in her aisles to more than kingly
thought,
Oft in her solemn hours we dream thee
nigh.

For thou didst love to trace her daily
love,
And where we look for comfort or for
calm,
Over the self-same lives to bend, and
pour
Thy heart with hers in some victorious
psalm.

And well did she thy loyal love repay ;
When all forsook her, her Angels still
were nigh,
Chain'd and bereft, and on thy funeral
way,
Straight to the Cross she turn'd thy
dying eye.

And yearly now, before the Martyrs'
King,
For thee she offers her maternal tears,
Calls us, like thee, to His dear feet to
cling,
And bury in His wounds our earthly
fears.

And Angels hear, and there is mirth in
Heaven,
Fit prelude of the joy, when spirits
won
Like thee to patient Faith, shall rise
forgiven,
And at their Saviour's knees thy bright
example own.

John Keble.

909. PROCESSION.

Tune—Carlisle. E.H. 190.

Lord, let the strain arise
For Britain's martyr blest ;
He passes through the crimson tide
To Jesus, and to rest.

Brave King, with meekness dight
And Cross so gladly borne,
This day the shadows of the night
Melt into golden morn.

Hard was the cruel strife,
Long was the weary way,
And now, by death, thou findest life
And everlasting day.

No more the rebels jeer ;
No more the tyrants chain ;
Angelic welcomes, ringing clear,
Greet thee with loud acclaim.

See how the martyr's crown
Glitters on Charles's brow ;
No rebel host can trample down
Thy ruby diadem now.

O Charles, our Royal Saint,
Pray for dear Britain's weal ;
Our Fatherland and Church are faint ;
Lo ! there is none to heal.

A century before
Great Charles was called to die,
A sinful king laid waste the Church—
Angered our God on high.

The fire of Heaven's wrath
Waxed hotly more and more ;
Until thy Royal blood, O Saint,
Cancelled the sin of yore.

And now before our God,
In joyous grief we bend,
And pray that England's Throne and
Church
He ever will defend.

Jesus, be praise to Thee,
Who reignest in the sky,
To Father and to Holy Ghost
Be praise eternally. Amen.

Father Ignatius.